

of the Town

thought of course it was just one of your cousins."

Mrs. Aletius Brown, wife of a bank magnate, is one of the society leaders of her community—it might be said she is the leader. Mrs. Brown gives social prestige and Mrs. Brown takes it away; wherefore

to her is opened the doors of the socially elect; upon whom she frowns, to her the

It took Mrs. Aurelius Brown a long time to get up her mind to recognize the J. Dobbs Smith. The wife of a bank mate, who confers social prestige must be careful upon what manner of persons she confers it. Not many years ago Mr. Smith was a struggling clerk on a salary whose limitations forbade him to do more than merely to forage. Now he is one of the rich men of the town, one of the chief causes of his happy change being due to the establishment of a soap factory which yearly waxes larger and more flourishing.

When the J. Dobbs Smiths became acquainted with the J. D. Smiths, they took a mansion on the very square with Mrs. Aurelius Brown. Whether or not Mrs. Smith desired to enter society nobody knows, but she did not simply

to show the elite that the nobodies may live in a similar fashion to the somebodies, and that the nobodies may be as important as anybody knows. At any rate the Smiths set up their expensive and ornate large mahogany dining room table, and the women and noses and proceeded to carry on their daily life with enthusiasm.

Perhaps the indifference of Mrs. Smith to the indifference of the distinguished neighbors decided Mrs. Aurelius Brown to receive her into the bosom of society. She might as well have done so, for the indifference and attitude of complacent disregard settled the matter. So one day Mrs. Brown swept up the stairs to the second floor and opened the linen of her full calling regalia. When the maid opened the door she searched here and there, and at last she found the calling card of her magic name, but none was forthcoming. She waved the difficulty away with a hand which was used to large commands.

"Where is my maid?" inquired Mrs. Brown—here Mrs. Banker Brown, she added, to settle the possibility of being regarded as a nobody.

"Mrs. Smith—Mrs. Soapfactory Smith—will be down presently," she announced, smilingly.

body wonders whether it was Mrs. J. Dobbs Smith's Irish wit which prompted the reply or whether it was due merely to the efforts of the trim maid struggling after the real right thing, as shown by her distinguished visitor.

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A night clerk at the Claypool speaks in

The other evening a guest of the house came to the desk and said, "I want a pitcher of ice water in 642."

a hitherto unknown neighbor. With a roar of warning the mother followed, and after her went Mr. Bruhn. With the outbreak both lynxes staggered to their feet and stood with lips drawn back, waiting. They hadn't long to wait. The first cub had scarcely stuck his inquiring nose over the edge of the rock before he got a cuff from the lynx that sent him sprawling down to the bottom.

The second cub took to his heels with a howl of fright, but the two adult bears advanced with roars and screeches. A moment later four forms were engaged in a death struggle at the top.

The sound of the conflict could be heard a mile, and the men, not twenty rods distant, lay painfully close to the ground. Even the guide appeared nervous. The

clubs were nudged together at the root of the cliff, watching the conflict in wild-eyed terror and whining for their parents. Now and then one of them started to climb up the rocks, but before he had gone far his courage gave out and he returned to the foot.

Then a remarkable thing happened. One of the cubs was attracted by a round stone lying on the top of another stone near the

middle of the clearing. His attention seemed riveted, to the exclusion of every thing else. Finally he trotted over and cautiously pushed it with his foot. The round stone fell to the ground and rolled a few feet. The motion tickled the cub's fancy, and, cocking his head on one side, he sidled over and pushed it again. The

he took it up in both paws and began to play with it. At this the other cub pricked up his ears and went over to get in on the fun. He boxed the ears of the original discoverer of the plaything and took it away from him. The first cub whined and looked for his mother to adjust the difference, and, seeing her still in combat with the lynx, walked over and bit his brother.

This is an insult that not even a cub will allow to go unpunished, and the youngsters were soon embroiled in a fracas of their own. They scratched each other with their soft, dull claws, bit with tiny teeth, and lost several spears of hair. At the time they were squealing like children and making no end of fuss.

were putting the finishing touches on the anatomies of Mr. and Mrs. Lynx. Ordinarily the felines would have been able to take care of twice their number of bears, but they were too much under the weather from the effects of the catnip to put up much of a fight, and as soon as they got well winded their doom was sealed.

The bears were badly torn in the encounter, and one of them limped, but they were

TRAINING THE SIGHT.

It Can Be Educated and Greatly De

So much of the happiness and success of life depends upon the seeing capacity that is it both a wonder and a pity that more attention is not paid by parents in the home and by instructors in the schools to the perfecting of this gift.

of people regard the capacity of the eyes as something fixed at birth, and not to be interfered with. If they would think a little they would recognize that it is, after all, largely a matter of exercise and practice. They know that the power of the muscles is capable of almost indefinite training, but they fail to apply the principle to the eyes. All forms of exercise

called upon to increase and strengthen the muscular system of growing children, and the wisdom of this, always granting reasonable moderation, is never questioned; but the child with the weak, undeveloped visual faculty, with the untrained color sense, and with the carrying capacity of the sight limited to a few feet, is called stupid; and his best hope is that he may be fitted with glasses before he is rallied and scolded into

The sight can be educated and exercised just as truly as the hearing, the sense of touch, or even the leg and arm muscles can; and the work, which can be easily

converted into play, should be begun very early in life. Many so-called color-blind persons are not really so, but are at fault only because of a lack of training in attention, recognition, and could have been avoided by the use of simple half-play, half-lesson, with color and with pictures of silks, wools, and early childhood. Matching is an excellent game lesson. It can be carried on with silks, wools, paper or any other material in which it is possible to get many shades with very small quantities of color. The teacher, the librarian, the local supply houses furnish colored papers for this very purpose. An element of com-

of vision can be trained at the same time with that esthetic sense which is its greatest reward.

Most persons know the story of the conjurer whose father made him while a small boy play the game of naming the objects in some shop-window passing at a quick walk. If one will try this

As with other forms of exercise, that of the eye should be taken only under proper conditions. A tired, worn-out eye should not be forced to new tasks any more than

Ethnologists are of the opinion that when America was discovered there were not on the continent of North America any more Indians than exist now.

